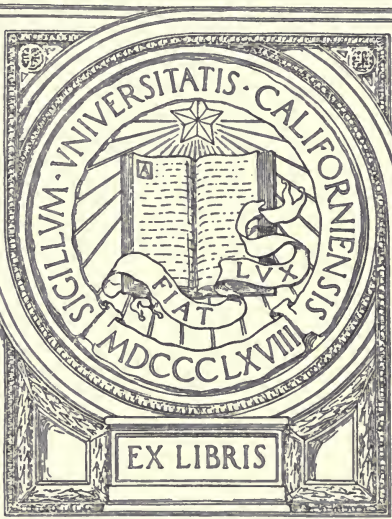


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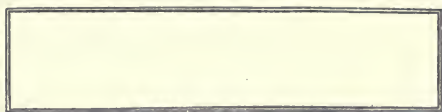
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Aubry, James Phil.
"

John Smith, Newcastle.

PANORAMA
THE
BEAUTIES
OF
OXFORD:

POETICAL TRANSLATION OF A LATIN POEM,

Written in the Year 1795,

BY MONSIEUR AUBRY, *James Phil.*
"

Late Professor of Rhetoric at Paris.

—
BY THE
REVEREND WILLIAM WILLES, A.M.

Vicar of Edlington.

—
LOUTH:

Printed and Sold by JOHN JACKSON, Market-place;

SOLD ALSO BY CROSBY AND CO., STATIONERS' COURT,
LONDON.

—
1811.

LA JOLLA

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OXFORD

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

HONORABLE LADY GRENVILLE.

MADAM,

THE appropriate distinction, specified by the majority of votes, confirming the election of LORD GRENVILLE to the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, has induced this Address. It waits on your Ladyship with respectful congratulations on the success of that event; and pleads the motive that led to it, to be wholly influenced by a presumption, that your Ladyship's con-

descension will sanction those efforts that tend to elucidate the various beauties which that ancient and favorite Seminary of Science contains.

A superficial notice of its several parts, is the only transient acquaintance that is dispensed to the public eye. To remedy which inconvenience, a close investigation, with explanatory comments on the several subjects as they occur, is offered to substantiate the satisfaction of rational attention.

When the late DUKE of PORTLAND filled the pre-eminent station of Chancellor, an ingenious Publication was very opportunely introduced, and met the occasion of his Grace's installation, when Oxford was crowded by an unusual assemblage of strangers. The tract alluded to was called "An Oxford Guide;" the production of a French Emigrant, MONSIEUR AUBRY, who, before the French Revolution, held the Professorship of Rhetoric in the University of Paris.

DEDICATION.

The book has lain dormant since the year 1795, and but in few hands ; its several subjects are discussed in latin metre, which choice of the author does not appear to extend its perusal beyond the attention of those who are competent adepts in that language.

In this point of view, whatever partiality it might elicit as to its merit, the Ladies can assign to it no distinction beyond that of its being a mere academical compliment. Had it been published in French, our accomplished Females had not been disappointed.

Biassed by these considerations, the liberty, Madam, is presumed on, to present to your Ladyship, a humble translation of it in a familiar English poetical dress, not, I hope, incompatible with that freedom which can be deemed inadmissible to your Ladyship's perusal and favorable construction.

Too many, probably, may its inaccuracies be found to pass a Reviewer's critical ex-

amination ; but as it aspires to no distinction beyond the purpose of facilitating an introduction to the curiosities of Oxford, for the accomodation of occasional visitants, it has no plea to offer itself a candidate for matriculation ; and of too small import to receive an adoption, unless honored by your Ladyship's cognizance and obliging approbation,

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Obedient and humble servant,

WILLIAM WILLES.

Dec. 5th, 1811.

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THE
BEAUTIES OF OXFORD.

WELCOME to Oxford, Sir,—You come from Town ?
Chance, or design, perhaps, has brought you down ;
Before you reach that Bridge, take my advice,
And quit your open carriage in a trice ;
Walk slowly on, the better to descry
Those proud and stately Piles that meet your eye.—
Once in a morning walk, for exercise,
By chance a Stranger pass'd before my eyes ;
I recollect it well—and well I may,
For June had lengthen'd out the longest day ;

Anxious he stood, perceiving that I knew
 Not where to visit first, what steps pursue ;
 He sympathiz'd with my embarrassment,
 And would go with me, wheresoe'er I went :
 In this dilemma I could not contend,
 And did adopt him as my guide and friend.
 But time is precious ; 'tis so much so, that
 We will not waste it now in useless chat :

But let me recommend—admire, and feel,
 The num'rous wonders of this grand coup d'œil,—
 Behold, unnumber'd, various Towers rise,
 O'er roofs and trees, aspiring to the skies.

Let not that Bridge beneath your notice lurk ;
 Behold the workman here, behold the work,
 Which, but in vain, its candid builder found
 Too narrow for a City so renown'd :
 Your close attention here I don't require,—
 What's seen within the City you'll admire.

See yon square Tow'r, how stately it appears,
 Lifting its beauteous summit to the spheres !

Mark, too, those eight small turrets in their turns,
How in the midst the golden apex burns !
This, Maudlin, is thy Tow'r, and ages hence
Will stand the test of true magnificence.

Nor will you find the Church a whit inferior,
If you have leave to visit the interior :
Walk through the Chapel to the far extent,
You'll see a Painting rare and excellent,—

A signal Monument, that ever will
Immortalize the fame of GUIDO's skill :—
Survey in silent grief the subject through ;
CHRIST bore such anguish from his love to you ;—
How pale his look ! fainting with sighs profound,
Sorrow has bent his eye-lids to the ground :
To drag that heavy cross what toils bestow'd !
He droops, he sinks, oppress'd beneath the load.
Yet, amid all his agony of pains,
A mild benevolence its sway maintains ;
Though suffering for the sins of Men, what grace,
What love, beams forth for all the Human Race !

Should'st thou on this Reflection's aid require,
To yon old cloister'd Monast'ry retire :—
In days of yore, Religious Zealots then,
Here liv'd sequester'd from the noise of men ;
The Monks within these courts their minds unbent,
When on their sacred studies long intent :
But if we change our ground, we then may speak
Rather on Modern Buildings than antique.—

How vast they look ! in majesty august !
What elegance of form ! in order just ;
No frippery ornament your eye assails,
Modest simplicity throughout prevails :
But ah ! why thus abrupt ? why spoil its charms,
And let the body feel its want of arms ?

Hence by a bridge the Gardens court your sight,
In which all strangers take a vast delight.

The glassy Stream, which round the meadow winds,
Is deck'd with lofty trees of various kinds :
As the Stream winds how pleasing the effect,
Your path is crooked now, and now direct ;

Mark how the shady branches join above,
As through the lengthening avenue we move;
Beneath this verdant Canopy's retreat,
In vain the Dog Star darts his raging heat.
Within this walk an Author, as we've heard,
The sprightly embryos of his fancy rear'd:
Hence the Spectator's Scourge, by Satire's page,
Lash'd without rancour an immoral age.

As ADDISON prefer'd this shady spot,
Addison's Walk will never be forgot;
Let not these Water Walks entice our stay,
Nor yet the College, for we must away;
As many things, well worth your seeing, yet
Are to be seen, if Novelty's your pet.

First, then, the High Street, and its houses, most
Invite your notice—'tis the City's boast;
Though it seems straight, as you advance from hence,
It not at once displays its opulence;
But by a gradual bend, more form'd to please,
Unfolds its wealth by liberal degrees.

He who has Gems and Coins, a choice collection,
Opens not all together for inspection,
But puts them, one by one, into your hands,
T' examine each, as each in order stands.

Look at that College—on the right I mean—
We call it Queen's—its Foundress was a Queen ;
'Twas but a few years since this Royal Pile
Was built, the whole in true majestic style,
It has two quadrangles which little vary,
The portico with cloisters neat and airy,
And all is modern, with a grand library.

Look up at those exalted decorations,
How on each wing three Statues grace their stations ;
That vaulted Turret o'er the Entrance plac'd,
Deck'd with light columns in a pleasing taste ;
Beneath that splendid Dome the Queen appears,
A test of Gratitude the College bears ;
So like the Luxemburg at Paris, is it,
You'd think that Palace here upon a visit.

In simpler style those Buildings 'cross the way,
King ALFRED's true munificence display ;
This Seminary's fame past ages knew,
And hence the Milk of sage Instruction drew.
A King might equally expect to try
In dress or beauty with his Queen to vie ;
Or a grave Matron, far in years, surpass
In bloom or comely shape a Country Lass,
As might that College, now before your face,
Contend with Queen's in splendor, taste, or grace.

But here we pause,—lift up your eyes, and there is
The Tow'r of the Church we call St. Mary's ;
Its lofty top within the sky is hid,
And much resembles some proud Pyramid.

A little distance off that Church, you see
The Church All-Saints, its Tow'r stands light and free ;
The former's more superb than this, I grant,
But this is far more neat and elegant ;
Its modern structure must attract your liking,
St. Mary's Tow'r is very grand and striking.

The College of All-Souls you'll next discover,
Which pray don't overlook, but look it over.

On this side few things are of note, if any,
But on the other side you've very many ;
See those two Gothic Tow'rs, and be delighted
With their resemblance, and so close united,
They, like two scepter'd Kings, their sway support,
And grace the Subject Buildings in their court.

The Gate in front is fine, but on th' inside
The building does its choicest treasures hide ;
Who does not feel delighted, whilst he looks
At yon rich Library of well chose books ?

That Tablet in the Chapel, too, must strike
Your feelings ; Oxford can't produce the like :
When CHRIST th' expression, "Touch me not," had ut-
Mark sinful MARY's countenance how flutter'd ; [ter'd,
From conscious guilt, compassion then appears,
Her crimes he pardons, and he soothes her fears ;
While she avows, with tears and uplift hands,
That faith and hope true penitence demands.

RADCLIFFE'S grand Pile, on columns rais'd sublime,
Comes next,—a fam'd Physician of his time :
It stands detach'd, bold, vaulted, spacious, round,
And covers an extensive tract of ground :
This Building rises higher, I presume,
Than that vast pile,—St. Peter's Tow'r at Rome.

Dont treat th' Interior with indifference,
Your eyes may share a royal feast from thence ;
Through the wide arch'd Dome, in ev'ry part,
Sculpture displays the treasures of her art ;
Your close attention I request you'll fix
On those two curious Roman Candlesticks ;
More like a part of some great Church it looks,
Than as a Library for learned Books.
From different points of view, here buildings rise,
Irregular, of different forms and size.

Brazen Nose College stands conspicuous here,
Its Principal's a Prelate we revere.
In the front quadrangle, what mortal can
View the sad scene where man first Murders man?

What envious rage distorts the face of Cain,
Whilst Pity pleads a Brother's life in vain ;
From this dire source, what streams, with purple flood,
Have delug'd Nations drunk with human blood ;
But these are sights which with abhorrence seize us,
As we pass on new scenes will rise to please us.

With transport, then, with me prepare to come,
I'll introduce you to the Muses' Home :
That ancient tow'r, whose lofty top you see,
Was built for students in Astronomy ;
Which, as a bulwark, may the shafts defy,
Of schoolmen's jargon, and sly sophistry.

That building, which in part's conceal'd, we call,
Now, Hertford College,—once nam'd Hertford Hall ;
And, if what gossip fame reports be true,
Will throw off her old cloaths and put on new.

Look at the Schools, you can't avoid discerning
What high respect has long been paid to learning :
Those crowns that grace the ceiling will explain,
What loyal principles in Oxford reign ;

How much, when laws do counterpoise the scales
Of Royal Pow'r, the love of Kings prevails.
Within this square the Sciences bear rule,
And each has Pupils in its sep'rate school ;
Here the learn'd Masters from yon desk dispense
The treat of Genius dress'd by Eloquence ;
And while the Youth attend Instruction's theme,
They quaff sound Doctrine's most delicious stream.

This man on Truth's divine and sound faith preaches ;
That, th' effects of Good and Evil teaches.

The next, the cause of things, whence springs begin,
Whence rains and tides deduce their origin,
What gives the earth its dread convulsive shocks,
Why black Vesuvius vomits flames and rocks.

This lectures on the rights our Law decrees,
And what the basis of our liberties.

That gives a clear and accurate survey,
And weighs productions of the Modern day ;

He paints the honest man, but scarcely knows.
It is the portrait of himself he draws.

The muses' learn'd Professor here explains
The varied beauties of Poetic strains.

Here Music pours, in melody of song,
The soothing pow'rs which to her art belong.

Next is the school of Logic, where the Youth
Trace out, by syllogistic paths, the truth.

The Pomfret Marble Statues—rare collection !
In breathing attitudes here court inspection :
Mark CICERO's air, with indignation stung,
The bold Oration thunders from his tongue :
Look at DEMOSTHENES, that hand imparts,
What gesture can express, to charm all hearts :
See CUPID tir'd of play, in sleep profound,
The urchin's idle shafts lie scatter'd round ;
The tricks, alas ! of this intriguing boy,
Accomplish'd the destructive fate of Troy.

To run the Names of all these statues through,
Is more than one day's compass well can do.

The Arundelian Marbles, if you please,
We'll visit next, contiguous to these :
Here you've feign'd shapes of Gods, a proof assur'd,
What ignorance, alas ! old times obscur'd :
Here altars, urns, to sacred use applied,
And Heroes' superstition's deify'd ;
Th' inscriptions are in Greek and Latin wrote,
Which some Events of ancient times denote ;
Survey each Marble well, though it appears
In mutilated state, from length of years ;
As many Kings of old as Greece contain'd,
From CECROPS, to the days that CODRUS reign'd ;
Their names are written in the Grecian tongue ;
What deeds of prowess did to each belong !
Some selfish Wretch, their value not discerning,
Sold, for a trifling sum, these Gems of Learning ;
Or dug from ruins in some Grecian field,
Might first have been discover'd and conceal'd.
But if you'd better know them, I've no doubt,
A Treatise on the subject I'd find out,

Which (for my friend's perusal on the spot)
From **BODLEY's** Library might soon be got,
A favor, which to me is freely granted,
To aid our useful knowledge when 'tis wanted :
Well may its Title a precedence boast,
Both for its num'rous Volumes and their Cost ;
For Manuscripts it claims distinguish'd credit,
Scarce more than one in Europe can exceed it.

Come, then, and cull the Treasures new and old,
Ancient and modern Learning here unfold ;
For men of parts and learned reputation,
Are here assembl'd since the World's creation ;
AUGUSTUS LEO's, **ALEXANDER's** age,
We here review through each fam'd author's page ;
Here, too, those ages, when the Arts, refin'd,
Beam'd, and in **LOUIS's** age their force combin'd :
Is it a matter, then, of admiration,
BODLEY's Collection's fam'd in ev'ry nation ?
By constant streams, from this learn'd source convey'd,
Your ardent thirst for Knowledge is allay'd ;
But trust not ev'ry stream,—some caution use,
And well discriminate before you chuse ;

For many streams with limpid surface flow,
Whilst pois'nous filth lurks in the depth below ;
Within the flow'ry glade the snake is found,—
The rose has fragrance, but a thorn to wound.
But, as your eyes amid these volumes rove,
Do not the charms of Science woe your love ?
With such a world of well-wrote Books in sight,
Despair, with shame I own, o'erwhelms me quite :
To know their names, what mem'ry will engage,
If life could reach the line of NESTOR's age ?
Here we see only how these Books are plac'd ;
Come to the Press from whence their birth is trac'd :
The Babes of Science which these cradles raise,
Posterity will keep their Natal days ;
From thence oft springs,—worthy its high descent,—
A Progeny whose fame is permanent ;
And thence, too, issues in abortive state,
Many sad victims of untimely fate.
See on this beauteous Pile, I beg ye, how !
These emblematic Figures deck its brow !
The fabric gives the main support in charge
To six huge Columns—Pity they're so large.

Do not these Statues grace the posts they're on,
Like sentinels who watch a Garrison?
You're well acquainted, therefore need not look,
To know the Art that forms each new-made Book;
How the plain sentence, words, and substance do,
With nice dispatch, attract their sable hue;
And the quick strokes and words the moist Types bind,
As though they were by some strong chain confin'd;
While the Book groans, as by th' Engine press'd,
So wrings solicitude the Author's breast.

What next occurs, must all you've seen exceed,—
The Theatre!—a noble Pile indeed!
Th' anterior's fine, twelve Columns well become't,
With three bright Vases there upon the summit;
A Turricle above, but lower down
You've sev'ral Mitres which surround a Crown;
Proofs of that warm regard all entertain
For an Establish'd Church and Patriot Reign.

Th' Interior, to your admiration, will
Impart the treasures of APOLLO's skill.

Th' encircling wall, the roof, above, below,
 Throughout, the Artist's charms of Painting glow ;
 The Arts and Sciences are here pourtray'd,
 In dress and colours suitably array'd :
 Wing'd from th' Etherial Seats, they seem t' advance,
 Bursting from gath'ring clouds thro' Heav'n's expanse ;
 Virtue has vanquish'd Vice, who tremb'ling fled,
 In darkness doom'd to hide his worthless head ;
 Envy turns pale, in dread of PALLAS's frown,
 And with rapidity seems tumbling down ;
 Rude Ignorance endeavours, but in vain,
 To sully Excellence with wit prophane ;
 When HERMES shakes his rod, by anger stung,
 A magic dulness silences her tongue ;
 With gnashing teeth, and looks of conscious guilt,
 Fierce Cruelty, wet with the blood she spilt,
 Kindl'd by rage, her eye-balls seem to scorch ;
 This hand a Dagger grasps, and that a flaming 'Torch :
 But Learning's downfal while the fiend projects,
 The threats of HERCULES her anger checks.

Indecent language here can bear no sway,
 Although in other Theatres it may ;

We bid both VENUS and her dreaded Son,
With low abuse and ridicule begone.
No wanton Sonnets here re-echoing sound,
Nor can loose Poetry the chaste ear wound ;
But Music's soothing pow'rs may here convey,
To pious minds, her well-adapted lay ;
Or the fam'd Orator, with TULLY's tongue,
Charm with his eloquence th' assembl'd throng ;
And PHŒBUS's Bard th' enchanting strains diffuse,
From the rich vein of his poetic muse.
'Tis here the University displays
Her Public Acts—Grand Meetings—Solemn Days :
For Grandeur here such grace throughout supplies
With regal Pomp,—you'd scarce believe your eyes.

Here, too, her Chancellor, in state parade,
Enters 'midst plaudits on the choice she's made ;
Who, both from merit and from rank, presides,
To whom the King the Helm of Statē confides ;
A choice so much approv'd for this high station,
It gain'd applause throughout the British Nation ;
And much th' Electors' judgment it enhances,
To fix their choice on him the King advances.

When absent, the Vice Chanc'llor takes the lead,
 And of this num'rous Body forms the Head;
 That high distinction much adorns his seat,
 The Roman Consul's fasces at his feet.

The learned Doctors, seated on each hand;
 The Noblemen compose a sep'rate band:
 The first in scarlet robes to suit their orders,
 The next in rich silk gowns with gold-lac'd borders.

Masters of Arts, each in his gown and hood,
 Men of bright parts, with science well endu'd.

The num'rous Youth, clad in a sable vest,
 On whom their Country's hopes securely rest.

The Citizens have sep'rate seats allow'd,
 A groupe distinguish'd in so vast a crowd;
 Husbands and wives, Mamma with Miss is here,
 True elegance is seen in all they wear.
 The Theatre's enticements long have stay'd me,
 Heedless how Time, swift fleeting, may upbraid me:

I'm gone, then, though I silently regret
To part from these, for things we've not seen yet.

As the Museum's front must strike your eye,
Let us just glance it as we're passing by,
Although within you've many a rarity.
You'd know what all those Busts, so frightful, meant,
Why plac'd at th' entrance? whom they represent?

These mutilated forms are CÆSAR's heads,
But Fame sometimes Credulity misleads ;
I think they're Bugbears, which bad boys alarm
From breaking windows, and from other harm.

But, give me leave, New College comes in course,
The road that leads to it cannot be worse ;
But, perhaps, by being hid, its beauty's heighten'd,
As, from a shabby case, the Jewel's brighten'd.
It has two Quadrangles, the first you enter
Is spacious, with a grass plat in the centre.
The buildings all, alas ! are giving way,
And, through old age, fast verging to decay ;

The next Quadrangle, in less compass plan'd,
Has buildings round, equally light and grand.

Now from delicious Gardens you may chuse,
You've City Prospects, or you've Rural Views :
Those double walks, whose trees their limbs unite,
In close embrace the healthy breeze invite.

Far at the Garden's end—a work of skill—
Stands a green Mount,—It is Parnassus Hill.

But wherefore joyless in my eyes appear
Those beauteous Buildings, or why falls this tear ?
So like Versailles, that to my thoughts they bring,
The residence of our late injur'd King :
Trait'rous Versailles first kindl'd up those fires,
From whence, inflam'd by Discord, France expires.

Quick for the Chapel, then, I must depart,
And try to soothe this sorrow at my heart.
Look with attention here, you cannot view
A more conspicuous Pile the kingdom through ;

How bold ! majestic ! we are sure to meet
 In the old Gothic Order, all that's great.
 How does this awful gloom exalt the mind !
 And, for a Sacred structure, well design'd.

Here ev'ry part will charm ; let's now repair
 To that rich Marble Altar-Piece you've there ;
 Those human faces first I'd gladly know,
 Form'd of white marble,—white as driven snow :
 View GABRIEL's face ! what lustre does adorn
 Heav'n's Messenger ! on radiant pinions borne ;
 His left hand pointing to his blest Domains,
 His right the Olive Branch of Peace sustains ;
 He hails the Virgin on his bended knee,
 The Purpose then reveals of Heav'n's Decree :
 She hears his message with attentive ears,
 But casts a side look, check'd by modest fears ;
 The beauteous features of her face express
 A timid modesty and bashfulness.
 Mark how the Mother's eyes the feast enjoy,
 As in her arms she hugs her darling Boy ;
 Whilst JOSEPH holds his chin, with looks intent,
 And o'er the Babe leans with astonishment.

On t' other side CHRIST's sacred corse behold,
Just from the cross detach'd,—pale, lifeless, cold ;
See the good Man his trembling aid afford,
To raise the drooping head of his dead Lord.
With folded hands the Virgin views the corse,
And feels a Parent's grief with double force.
But see the CHRIST his vital pow'rs resume,
He triumphs over Death, he triumphs o'er the Tomb ;
He rises from the regions of the Dead !
The Roman Guards lie stretch'd with chilling dread :
One with his hand attempts to hide his eyes,
The other views the CHRIST with dumb surprize,
Who mounts with open arms the Realms above,
Borne on the wings of God's Paternal Love.
With folded hands th' Apostles, kneeling, each
Beholds th' Ascent as far as eye can reach.
To animate those subjects of our creed,
The Power Divine to PHIDIAS has decreed.
Near to the altar lies, hid from exposure,
A curious relic—'tis a Pontiff's Crozier ;
'Tis gold and silver, as its weight will prove it,
But yet the workmanship in worth's above it.

Now to the Chapel's Entrance turn your eyes,
And pray be well prepar'd to meet surprize.
'Twixt those gilt Organ Pipes your eye direct ;
The Painted Window has a grand effect.
But, I entreat you, let us go up higher,
And from the Organ Loft the view admire.
I hope you'll be attentive as we pass
To those bright Human Forms pourtray'd on glass ;
The bottom of the window shows the whole,—
They represent the Virtues of the Soul ;
Their number seven ;—the hand by which they're paint-
With taste and elegance was well acquainted. [ed,

The first you see is Prudence, on the right,
Of comely shape, cloath'd in a robe of white ;
On other's deeds she keeps a watchful eye,
To regulate her course of life thereby :
She holds a Dart, the which a Snake entwines,
And each this emblematic hint combines,—
Be quick to execute, but slow in your designs. }

Justice, in rosy veil, stands near the first,
Holding a naked sword with point invers'd ;

Her left hand lifts the scales above her height,
By which she ascertains each sev'ral weight ;
And from her sight removes th' obstructing veil,
To judge of each preponderating scale.

With graceful mein, Hope next in order stands,
Lifting to Heav'n her eyes and folded hands ;
Her strong and trusty Anchor lying by,
While she on tiptoe rais'd prepares to fly,
Wing'd with desire to reach the Realms on High. }

The next is Charity, in thoughtful mood,
Who meditates on means for doing good ;
She loves, impartially, the human race,
And takes them to her motherly embrace ;
She bears a purse, well lin'd with cash it stretches,
To give immediate aid to needy wretches :
Children without distinction, sex, or age,
Whate'er their tempers be, her care engage.

But the fifth figure, which attracts your sight,
Seems, with resistless force, immensely bright :

You are struck dumb, and now with transport gaze,
On Faith, which shines with meritorious rays ;
She, both with elevated hands and eyes,
Reviews her Native Mansion in the Skies ;
Firm on her feet, Salvation's Cross she rears
With all her might, and which she always bears.

The virtue that's adjoining is her fellow,
She stands, resplendent, in a robe of yellow ;
'Tis Fortitude, who ne'er from danger fled,
Wearing a crested helmet on her head ;
A column broke, her finger nearly touches,
Beneath her feet a shaggy Lion couches :
Though stout, and form'd with manly strength, you
Both female grace and elegance combin'd. [find

Sobriety's the last, you see her drest
In a white, plain, becoming linen vest ;
Her hand contains a goblet, which supplies,
From the pure fountain, glasses of less size :
Near her is Lust, tight-rein'd, to check excess,
Lest Moderation's limits she transgress.

Not all their faces are alike throughout
In bashful looks,—they're all akin no doubt;
Whoe'er these Guides do follow and obey,
Will, with delight, pass many a cloudless day.

As you admire what's curious, look once more,
You've many gratifying sights in store.

See CHRIST within the humble Manger found;
The sacred Host of Angels shout around;
A Boy beholds him, and the sight enjoys,
(As Boys in general are fond of Boys,)
He pats Him with his little hand, and by degrees,
With cautious freedom, nods, the child to please.
His cordial love to all now seems inclin'd
To clasp within his little arms mankind;
In the mean time it is the Mother's joy,
To fix her eyes upon her playful Boy:
JOSEPH on t' other side admits each stranger,
With those who're anxious to inspect the manger;
But chiefly does he feel th' exalted pleasure,
In pointing to the Babe, his Heav'nly Treasure.

The Shepherds, on their knees, surround the stable,
The rival crowd press in whene'er they're able :
Those who to view the Infant had applied,
With wonder struck, can scarce be gratified.
A Maid, their anxious wishes to obey,
Does, with a lighted Torch, direct the way ;
A youthful Shepherd does with haste rush in ;
The sweat runs down his face upon his chin :
On his left arm (a needless weight) he took
That terror of the Sheep, a Shepherd's Crook ;
On his right shoulder hung a well fill'd sack
Of rustic fare, lest they some food might lack.
Observe the Sheep Dog, fearful, lest he's chid
For being anxious to do what he's bid ;
His rosy tongue seems glist'ning when he barks,
And from his eyes are darted vivid sparks ;
How does his running back, more fierce and faster,
Seem to reprove the slowness of his Master.
Now turn your eyes from this side to the other,
And view the portrait of the Virgin Mother.
In the back ground the Ox and Ass do seem
To pay their homage to the Power Supreme ;

The Ox thrusts forward his enormous head,
Fixing his eyes upon the Infant's Bed ;
He stands, and looks athwart, impress'd with fear,
And tries if he can see his Master near.
Soon after came two Shepherds much in haste,
To view the crib wherein the CHRIST was plac'd ;
They painted once a Window, and, if true,
Each of himself a striking portrait drew :
Genius and skill the wise esteem'd of yore ;
Now in a Manger laid, they CHRIST adore.
In bloom of youth, you've an Angelic Lad,
Sitting alone, in yellow garment clad :
See how like one confounded with surprize,
He to the airy regions lifts his eyes ;
At length surmounting these, he wings his flight
Through clouds, from which, the more intensely
His radiant Aspect trembles on your sight. [bright,
In ruminating guise his chin supports,
On his return to the Celestial Courts.
A Scroll, not far from hence, flies through the air,
Which, in Greek lines, does this Inscription bear ;—

Those Sacred Myst'ries, in our Creed contain'd,

The very Angels wish to have explain'd.

You've seen what miracles are done for man,

Suppress your grateful feelings if you can ;

Is not your mind impress'd with admiration,

With subjects so sublime in contemplation ?

No pleasure will our City Buildings yield,

As nothing, worth remembrance, lies conceal'd ;

But, when we've feasted on high season'd dishes,

The frugal meal's best suited to our wishes.

Trinity College, after what you've seen,

In your conception will appear but mean ;

If your opinion's such, some proof's requir'd,

That, and its Chapel's, neat, and much admir'd.

The Mansion's not far off,—unless you'd stop

For that brass Clock-Work on the Chapel Top.

By a green Lawn, the Gravel Walk supplies

Access to buildings of a lesser size ;

Alas ! they hide fine prospects from our eyes.

}

Those handsome Statues on the top are four ;
Near it a low and mutilated Tow'r.
Throughout the roof some antique Vases glow,
Like sparkling flame, all standing in a row.

But walk into the Chapel, and you'll grant,
'Tis so superlatively elegant,
Its Beauties are an evident decoy,
To furnish all your eye-sight can enjoy.
What strength th' Engraver has at his command?
The very stones confess th' ingenious hand ;
The cedar's fragrance here does never cease,
Its beauteous pillars deck the Altar-Piece ;
The Vestibule, I've likewise understood,
Is made of that same odorif'rous wood.
That Crown, upon the wall there, may invite ye ;
The Painting on the Ceiling will delight ye.

Behold the CHRIST, with dignity ascendant,
Th' Angelic Host, each prostrate and attendant :
Does not that little Cherub please you best,
Who flies alone, and soars above the rest ;

He, with a verdant Branch, the Angels leads ;
With joy triumphant CHRIST's return precedes.
Above the Altar-Piece a Tablet's plac'd,
A curious specimen of Female Taste.

Amid rocks rent, and Death's sepulchral night,
With blood-stain'd body, CHRIST returns to light ;
His feet transfix'd, his reverend hands and side
Retain the marks his flowing blood had dy'd ;
From his left side his snowy vail gave way,
And drop'd beneath his feet, to winds a prey ;
His garment scarcely his right side retains,
Fan'd by the blast, and daub'd with purple stains ;
On his left arm his weight entire suspends,
His right, he to an Angel near extends ;
His hair dishevel'd, with his head back bent,
His countenance implies astonishment :
But if its just expressive lines we trace,
'Tis admiration shines throughout his lovely face :
His trembling bosom chilling dread bespeaks,
And a deep crimson glows upon his cheeks.

An Angel near, with silvery pinions spread,
Stands, in a varied dress of green and red ;
His left hand points to the Celestial Spheres,
His right hangs down on the red robe he wears ;
On CHRIST reviv'd he rivets both his eyes,
Who seems as if returning to the skies.

From fragments of the Tomb, immensely great, }
One of the Guards, press'd down beneath the weight, }
Seems as if dragging from them by his feet :
T' other, by stones and rubbish lies inclos'd,
His worthless head and face alone expos'd ;
He casts his eyes about him with a glance,
To know the reason of this strange mischance.
The subject has been admirably treated,
To say what ZEUXIS painted and completed ;
'Tis a *chef d'oeuvre*, done by Female Art,
In which the Needle took the greatest part ;
A finish'd Copy, as allow'd by all ;
In Windsor Palace you've th' Original.

Windsor, wherein the best of Kings resides,
In whose mild sway his people's love confides :

But, as we've had a pleasing interview
With our good King, and with this Tablet too,
Let us proceed in our propos'd career,
You'd see choice shrubs and plants?—the Garden's near.
Well does that Iron Fence intrusion guard;
On t' other side by Cloisters 'tis debar'd.
How much soil's hid, while we on grass walks tread;
The ground seems by a verdant carpet spread.
Here verdant columns; verdant walls surround
The shrubs and plants, and form a verdant mound:
You'd think the grass transform'd to verdant stone,
Adapted to the Mason's Art alone.
The sun shines hot, why stay within his reach?
Let's take the shade beneath that spreading beach.
Amid those shrubs, what transport would be mine,
To court each Muse, and toast the God of Wine!

You'll enter Wadham, when you go from hence,
Betwixt two Columns and an Iron Fence:
Hail, happy Wadham, tis thy envy'd pride,
Thy worthy Warden, Friend, and faithful Guide,
Does o'er the University preside;

Than whom, no man can more respected be,
For a Mild Temper,—Virtue,—Courtesy.

Shall we proceed, or not?—is now the question ;
My scheme, at present, seems to want digestion ;
For soon those gloomy Clouds will pour down Rain,
And many things, to-day, unseen remain.
See! from the Show'r they're scamp'ring, helter skelter,
To those high Buildings opposite, for shelter.

Exeter College on your left appears,
Its noble Front a smiling aspect wears ;
But the keen frost, alas ! a foe has been,
To spoil her charms and wrinkle her smooth skin.

Facing, is Jesus, and its members bless
The mem'ry of their Foundress, Good Queen Bess.

You now see Lincoln very near the rest,
Its credit, as a College, stands confest,
Nor one in Oxford held in more request.
The Painted Windows here you wish to see,
As all, in their pre-eminence, agree.

}

Baliol, in point of its vicinity,
Stands closely joining upon Trinity.
The style of Baliol's buildings, in each court,
Prove building never was the College fort ;
But that defect's conceal'd by this ambition,
To rank the first for Learning and Tuition.
'Twas founded by the Scotch, when Scotland's Throne
Was fill'd by some old Monarch of her own.
In the back Court, adjoining to the street,
You have some pleasant Buildings, new and neat.

Read this :—

“ Dear Sir,

I beg you'd come to-day
And see our College,—come without delay :
Keep up St. Giles's, and, as moving on,
You've on your right the College of St. John.
Pray excuse haste, I scarce know what I've writ ye ;
The Porter has my order to admit ye.”

Look at those aged Elms, each bough's so great,
A double screen is form'd for Summer's heat ;

Their fanning leaves above, that gently blow,
Prepare the cooling breeze for those below.

See that old Statue o'er the entrance door,
One fam'd for kindling War in days of yore.

This is that BERNARD, whose harangues were said,
Amaz'd the World, and Asia struck with dread !
Deaf to the voice of our mild Christian creed ;
Zeal for the cross made faithless victims bleed,
And, doom'd to slaughter ! France espous'd the deed. }

Humanity itself could not withstand
The rage to repossess the Holy Land :
O, BERNARD, could thine eloquence once more
Rouse Asia to revenge the ills she bore,
And on those very Gauls destruction pour ;
Thou would'st discharge th' Artill'ry of thy tongue,
Announce what awful Judgements over hung
The guilt of France ; what punishments await
Her fatal overthrow of Church and State.
In her King's blood, her barb'rous hands imbru'd,
And ev'ry King would murder if she could :

France, once for fervent Piety renown'd,
Now the reverse in all respects is found ;
True Faith from all her altars being driven,
She points her darts against the God of Heaven !

An Orator, by all men 'tis agreed,
With mild persuasion sometimes will succeed :
I'd gladly take the hint th' advice imparts ;
I wish to bend that stubborn People's hearts :
Their minds might change, again they'd feel inclin'd,
To worship God, love France, and all Mankind.

In the mean time, if so you feel dispos'd,
Let's view that College Part that's uninclos'd :
You've two Quadrangles—This advanc'd in years,
The next more uniform and neat appears.
I like that Porch, with those small pillar'd props,
'Tis useful if a hasty Shower drops.

You've here a Gall'ry, once a Room of State,
Its mem'ry never will be out of date ;

Here CHARLES THE FIRST appear'd a Royal Guest,
And with his friends partook a sumptuous feast ;
That CHARLES it was who, stumbling on his Throne,
Found comfort here, when hopes of it were flown.
Him, a sly, vile, ambitious Bigot slew ;
He fell a victim to a canting crew :
His bloody Death and sufferings, even yet,
Each British Subject must with tears regret.
O, happy Prince, 'twas while thy life remain'd,
The Royal Sceptre England's Hand sustain'd :
And if each Town its loyal zeal could boast
For royal sway, Oxford approved it most.
Oxford's a firm supporter of the Throne,
A Friend to Kings, and loyal to her own.

You'd see the Garden ?—Come, I'll lead the way ;
Not one within the city looks more gay :
Nature and Art have enter'd each the lists,
And each upon the preference insists.
It is not large, yet looks immensely great ;
Ingenious Art here favors the deceit.

Where to begin, my mind seems quite perplex'd,
Or from what chapter shall I chuse my text?

Let us advance, then, and proceed to action,
Those Shrubs that front you smell with most attraction;
The sod looks moist and green as in the Spring,
And green, to suit the eyes, is quite the thing.
What grows beneath those Chesnut Trees, so vast,
Is screen'd from frost, and from the northern blast:
Beneath their shade, I well the pleasure know,
To take a seat, or saunter to and fro.
If a Recess more roomy you approve,
You've many a shady, elegant Alcove;
You there an interval of time might pass
In sleep, in converse, study, or the glass.
When in this Garden you're disposed to stroll,
You've pleasing walks and tracks throughout the whole.
From walks, direct they lead you, and divide
By alleys, paths, and tracks diversify'd,
Both num'rous, serpentine, and multiply'd.
Where'er you go, on gravel'd walks, or green,
The Dusty Cloud, or Gold Cups deck the scene.

'Tis a mistake, to say, we have not got,
Some good choice Shrubs and Flow'rs upon the spot:
White Lillies, Crimson Roses, you behold,
The Tulip, Jessamine, French Marigold.
Their varied hues here Holyoaks display,
And smile when frost makes other flow'rs decay.
On those Laburnums, if your eyes are fixt,
Know they've more beauty when with Lilachs mixt:
'Tis from their flow'ry charms and mingl'd bloom,
That Gardens do their preference assume.
The crook'd-limb'd Laburnum much impresses
Your close attention, by its yellow tresses ;
Wrap'd in its shining robe, your eye detains,
And captivates with all its golden chains.
The Lilach's purple and sky-blue excel
The rest in vivid hues and fragrant smell.
But 'twould be endless, was it in my pow'r,
To name or reckon up each Shrub and Flow'r.
Whatever Art or Nature could combine,
In point of taste, or soil, or just design,
Thou beauteous Garden, are compleatly thine.



England, for Gard'ning, claims the first pretence ;
And foremost stands for Moral Excellence ;
For which attainment, 'tis your Nation's aim,
By Sunday's Schopls, poor Children to reclaim.

The Building for inspection which succeeds,
We call,—The Hospital for Invalids.
Those Trees, I think,—You think the same, I know,—
Add beauty on each side the road we go.
In most of our Great Towns, as you advance,
They're thus arrang'd ; and planted, too, in France :
And, even now, at Paris may be found,
Large clumps of Elms her spacious Walls surround.

We've reach'd the Hospital. A noble plan ;
It seems the residence of some Great Man.
England her Public Buildings does excel in,
And yet she hides them by some paltry dwelling :
Its Front receives your eye with majesty,
And yet you're pleas'd with its simplicity.
A generous Nation would, without dispute,
Form such a Building as must Patients suit.

But you'll be pleas'd with the Interior part ;
I know you love mankind with all your heart.
Parent of Health, and Terror of Diseases,
Here Cleanliness assumes what pow'r she pleases :
Here you've fresh-air rooms, vessels, beds, and food,
With what of ev'ry kind is clean and good.
Th' experienc'd Surgeon and the skill'd Physician,
Relieve the Sick of every condition ;
Whose tender care toward their Patients prove,
What Parents show the offspring of their love.
This Hospital was founded by the man
Who rais'd the Building next, and form'd the plan.

See, to what height that Tow'r its top extends,
And think what distant views it comprehends ;
Its summit to the clouds appears to soar,
Like *ATLAS*, when the Globe his shoulders bore.
Upon this Scientific Pile you know,
The various Points from whence the Winds do blow.

The learn'd Professor hence acquires his fame ;
Hence reads and comments on the Starry Frame :

The Telescope, you see, he oft applies,
 T' enlarge the object to enormous size ;
 By th' aid of this, mounts on advent'rous pinions,
 To view the Starry Climes within his own dominions ;
 Or bids the Stars descend from their high station,
 And each submits to his examination.

The House and Garden, on the left, have claim'd
 Some plea for taste :—the right's undrest and maim'd.
 Perhaps you're concern'd to find my silence led
 To this conjecture, when I might have said,
 The Limbs are much too small to suit the head. }
 You'd have those Buildings hid ? depend upon't,
 The Road, and not the Side, should face the front.
 What gives offence, at all times must be wrong :
 To ev'ry Country some defects belong.

But what defects will Wor'ster's Sons acknowledge ?
 Alas ! one arm is missing to her College !
 Like our brave NELSON, still the body's sound ;
 For youth and vigour, that maintains its ground.

Some very distant lands from hence are seen ;
Beneath the Walls the Fields look gay and green :
The winding Riv'let through the valley glides,
And sparkles where the Stream its course divides ;
But reuniting soon, more rapid flows,
To the Canal, the bed of its repose.

I'll now furl sail ;—unless we make the port
Of Christ Church, as the voyage is but short.
Come, come, we may find something as we're going ;
Is not that mutilated Tow'r worth knowing ?

Surrounding this, the Public Prison's built,
Uniting wretchedness, disease, and guilt.
The Keeper's not to punish, or be fierce,
Or treat the Pris'ners ill,—but the reverse :
He must be, what he properly is styl'd,
A trusty Guardian, and his temper mild.
The Jailer some with a small stick chastises ;
The Sentence they expect is at th' Assizes :
Where ev'ry Crime is critically weigh'd,
And all the rules of Justice are obey'd.

But let's walk slow ; don't follow, at that rate,
'Those Sons of Sorrow, anxious for their fate.

Here's the Town Hall, where suits at law are tried ;
You can form little judgment from th' outside :
However, take a glimpse on't as we move,
'Tis built quite plain,—a style we both approve.

For Pembroke College now we cross the way ;
Here 'tis, quite hid ;—You'll take a short survey ?
'Tis not far off,—we now wont go within,
But, be assured, 'tis well worth being seen.
I have a curious Anecdote concerning
One much distinguish'd for his love of Learning.

Enter the College Gates, and you'll discover
Two Ladders, with a little Window over ;
This little window gives a little light
To two small Rooms, scarce benefitted by't ;
The one reserv'd for Study,—one for Sleep.
The Sun Beams hardly venture on a peep :

Methinks I'm cold, and wish they were employ'd
To warm that Northern Blast, I'd fain avoid ;
For now I feel their influence so much lost,
We've cause to dread a very keen hard frost.
Hark ! how that hoarse ton'd bell the ears is rending ;
Its din, by day and night, is never ending !
But let me not digress ; the Muse resumes
The Subject which possess'd those little Rooms.
There, One unknown to Fame, some years assign'd,
T' enlarge, by Study, his capacious mind.

That Man, whom pow'rful Eloquence inspir'd,
From Eloquence th' imperial sway acquir'd :
JOHNSON—for Learned Writings ; Pious Reputation—
Will ever be the glory of the British Nation :
Like that Greek Orator old records cite,
Who from a gloomy Cavern sprung to light,
And seiz'd the Throne of SWIDAS as his right.

But Pembroke still with pleasure might acknowledge
Another Pupil, who adorn'd her College ;

Whose Piety and Learning, in conjunction,
Mounted the summit of his sacred function.
O, Canterbury, 'twas the Royal Will
Sanction'd thy Dean and Chapter's wish to fill
Thy vacant See, when good CORNWALLIS dy'd.
None more than MOORE was suited to preside;
His talents numerous and well apply'd.
Those talents he improv'd : will more be given?
Yes,—That reward he now enjoys in Heav'n.

The Primate, SUTTON, graces the succession ;
Whose zeal, to aid the Church, made this profession :
To pledge his firm resolves, which cannot waver ;
Merit shall never fail to gain his favor.

Come on—look round—Aye, this is Christ Church,
How grand!—What matters all the muse can say? [aye,
The Front! the Buildings!—What Majestic Pride!
The whole so very large! so very wide!
In viewing these magnificent Domains,
It seems a Palace where some Monarch reigns.

Look at that noble Tow'r above the Gate,
It lifts its head with dignity and state.

Here's a great Bell, call'd Tom, within the Tow'r,
Which tolls each night, when nine has struck the hour ;
When the Youths hear its voice they hurry home,
Vex'd at th' imperious summons of Great Tom.

By no means let the College Hall escape
Your notice ;—you'll admire its size and shape.
Here you've a Terrace-walk, where most folks pass ;
The part below is seldom us'd—'tis grass.

How graceful on that fount does MERC'RY stand ;
He has a hat on ;—and we call that wand
His Caduceus, which he has in hand. }
The water, aided by Hydraulic Pow'rs,
Is rais'd to MERC'RY's Mouth, and spouts in show'rs.

Look at those lofty Buildings, and that wall,
That range of Columns, uniform and tall :

Th' Italian Palaces must all give place
To this,—there is not one dares show its face.
The style of old did not resemble ours ;
Cities had Hanging Gardens fill'd with flow'rs.

In this grand Quadrangle one might have hop'd
Those small and paltry windows had been stop'd ;
Large windows, of a size, are now the fort,
And wou'd give splendor to this Princely Court :
If such an alteration should take place,
Much would two rows of Windows add a grace.
Throughout that Building's most extensive range,
Who but would feel delighted with th' exchange?
Say, would the University have got
Another College like it?—I think not.

As to the Supper Rooms, the point is, whether
You'd see them now, or when they sup together.
We mount by double stairs ; but see how small
That Pillar is ; 'tis light, yet strong withal :
By its own strength it props that arch so high,
As ATLAS did when he prop'd up the Sky.

We pass through rooms more spacious bye and bye;
Their grandeur cannot fail to strike your eye.
In those fine lofty ceilings I am fond
To trace how well each part does correspond;
An opportunity I might have miss'd,
Did not the light contribute to assist.
My wish for viewing those rare Pictures round,
As each within its proper light is found.
Who, at such sights, can cold indiff'rence plead,
As wanting taste? he must want sense indeed.
Suppose a hundred Kings met at a Royal Fete,
Could they more Stately Rooms expect to meet?

Not far from hence an ancient Building stood;
A residence for Nuns;—A holy Sisterhood.
Here many painted Windows you'll admire,
In a high room which has a lofty Choir.

But dont you think—I would not interfere
With our pursuit—The cold is quite severe?
Will novelty and Grandeur be a charm
To stop old BOREAS' breath and keep us warm?

But to the point ;—Large Buildings was my theme ;
 None in the City stands in more esteem :
 And give me leave to say, none can be found
 To match with Christ Church, now, on English ground ;
 As to its Quadrangle, all judges say,
 Those Buildings yet for ages can't decay.
 The signal excellence of ev'ry square,
 Greatly depends on what its buildings are :
 Those you've beheld are light, compact, and airy ;
 Not in one point does their resemblance vary.
 No Buildings ever with more skill constructed,
 Nor can with more exactness be conducted.
 The Columns, in each wing, have grand effect ;
 They stand so much like Centinels erect.

Observe the Stones here ! an unusual sight,
 In spite of time or weather always White :
 Is't the complexion of their Native Rock ?
 I trac'd their birth from some white marble block.

The rule we have in France here stands confest,
 And ev'ry Library confirms the test,
 That the Corinthian Order suits the best.

Do, pray, step hither ;—take a look once more ;
Nothing, more curious, have you seen before :
At my request, some long Rooms here send greeting,
And would be glad to give your eyes the meeting ;
As what's ingenious captivates your feeling,
Observe that finish'd Carv'd-Work on the ceiling.
A Norway Ship, from thence with Oak was freighted,
With which material was this work completed.

What a long range of Pictures ! and how splendid !
Who knows where they begun, or where they're ended ?
Six hundred Portraits, hung on either side ;
There's scarce an inch of Wall they do not hide.
You find some Statues here ;—and very good ;—
The Bust of LOCKE's a fine similitude :
PARHASIUS and APELLES' aid to fill
This exhibition of the Painter's skill.

The younger Members of the College, fir'd
With love of Study, have from thence acquir'd
The name of Students ; and from that pursuit,
Their Seminary stands in just repute :
But mark the Poet's Love !

Though beauteous scenes invite, I can no longer
The Sun shines hot;—I must be going home. [roam ;
In passing the Quadrangle to the Street,
My feelings never had a higher treat,
Than going through that lofty Portico ;
O how refreshing did the breezes blow.

Admire that Portal, and those Columns, too ;
Oxford has not the like,—look Oxford through :
But though this City has not through the whole ;
One, like it, grac'd the Roman Capital ;
Through which each Charioteer with ardor tries
To gain the triumph and obtain the prize.

You've Corpus Christi College next, and Oriel ;
Their dissimilitude needs no memorial,
Compar'd with Christ Church ; but they stand so close,
There is but one opinion, inter nos ;
For which the truth to your own eyes appeals ;
They all seem treading on each other's heels.
But is that credit lost they ought to claim,
When Christ Church boasts her more unrivall'd fame?

Corpus and Oriel, each, I dare aver it,
For elegance and neatness have great merit.
Plac'd near some Royal Palaces in Town,
Oxford would lose some share of its renown.
If they dont meet our equal approbation,
There's what within makes ample reparation :
Then what disparagement is that alliance ;
As each stands high for Discipline and Science ?

Through Oriel Quadrangle by steps you're led
To a high Porch, with good Rooms over head.
Here is a handsome Pile for Books design'd,
But very few are of the useful kind.
With other Buildings,—and what I prefer,—
The style is simple and in character :
Added to this, the prospect doubly yields
The pleasure opposite of those green Fields.
Through those irrigious Meadows once I stroll'd ;
I got completely tir'd,—but caught no cold.

We'd Merton Tow'r that met us on the way,
But we resolv'd it should not make us stay.

As Maudlin's Tow'r's a character not new t'ye,
Though alike, it far excels in beauty.
Merton was handsome once, when in her prime ;
Her Person's now grown old and shrunk by Time.
The charms of Maudlin's Tower are, in truth,
Graceful and sleek, as in the bloom of youth !
The Garden of St. John's, too, where we meet,
Is thought like Merton's !—what a weak conceit !
In my opinion,—and I'm very sure,—
If Merton's like St. John's, it is in miniature.
You'll give up Merton, then, though it seems strange,
And Christ Church Meadow take in th' exchange.

'Tis now the time the Citizens come hither,
To quaff the cooling breeze in this hot weather.

See those gigantic Elms, they seem to bear
Upon their branching heads the Hemisphere :
Proud of their lofty station, they divide,
And bound this spacious Walk on either side :
Their mighty limbs in close embraces meet,
And form a stately canopied retreat
For Winter's storms and Summer's sultry heat.

How plainly, by the River, we discern,
Some walk by different paths, and some return :
We'll follow the same course, and I'll prepare ye
To know the Gownsmen's Dresses,—why they vary ;
The rule of this Distinction's form'd by these ;—
Rank, Titles, Office, Honors, or Degrees :
Not one whole day my purpose would suffice,
To name them, and say where the diff'rence lies.
I will describe them, for my promise sake ;
Some we may chance to meet, or overtake.

Those in a handsome, well-comb'd, large Peruke,
Which gives the face a venerable look ;
Though oft degraded, when in size too big,
And in the vulgar tongue term'd Periwig ;
Is worn by those in years, who're walking slow,
And bent on Meditation as they go :
We style them Doctors,—perhaps some College Head ;
Adepts in Learning,—deep in Science read :
Those when the Gownsmen meet, they make a stand,
And pay their best respects, with cap in hand.

Where you see Black Silk Gowns with velvet sleeves,
A purple border round, which thence receives
An added grace ; their Persons rather stout ;
Who quell disturbance, by a keen look out ;
They're Proctors : they, whose rigid office awes
And punishes the breach of College Laws.
But Rigour surely fails of its intent,
When Youth, from Education or Descent,
Derive a sense of Honor from that source ;
How they infringe on what the Laws enforce.

They, by whom that rich silken Gown is worn,
Whose velvet Caps gold Tassels do adorn ;
Descendants of Illustrious Ancestry,
They're held ennobled from their pedigree,
Without distinction what their rank may be.

Another Order of the Black Silk Gown
And velvet Caps, silk Tassels hanging down,
Are those on whom their Birth or Fortune smil'd :
Gentlemen Commoners from thence are styl'd.

Gowns of inferior rank, compos'd of Crape,
Made without Sleeves, and fitted to the shape ;
With two loose Shoulder Bands, each plaited neat,
And fall with careless ease down to the feet ;
Are worn by Commoners, a term which all
Derive from Commons, in the College Hall.

Oxford contains of these a num'rous body,
Of which are few but what are fond of Study ;
Not a more ardent love of Learning is
In any Order, more than that of this :
Much will their learn'd attainments be enjoy'd,
By their dear Country's hopes, to be employ'd
In those Professions, where they gain admissions
Of Clergymen, of Lawyers, and Physicians.
Some have been rais'd to Bishops from that station ;
And, such the great Defenders of our Nation,
In ancient times, when Equity thought meet
Members of Parliament should hold a seat ;
Their right by ancient custom was decreed,
And Representatives were often fee'd.

There they debate, support the Crown and Laws,
And plead, with eloquence, the Public Cause.
Both PITT and BURKE, in spite of Party jars,
Their Advocates exalted to the stars :
They, too, were Commoners of learned fame ;
To which distinction, Scholars share the claim.
Their Gowns are likewise crape, of diff'rent forms ;
They have wide sleeves, which cover both the arms :
In this alike ; hold Books in estimation ;
The Scholar feels an equal emulation.
O, Greece, 'tis his delight thy fruits to pull !
O, Rome, 'tis his delight thy flow'rs to cull !
And since for Study equal ardor burns ;
Their merit equal, equal praise returns.

We pass by those you see there in a groupe,
In their Black Gowns ;—they form a sable troop :
They come by two's and three's there, arm in arm :
Are they thus link'd to keep their friendship warm ?

But here's another sight to charm the eye,
The noble River Isis, passing by ;

Before, with 'Thames he shares the nuptial bliss,
To wed and visit the Metropolis.
Caught by the love of Oxford's beauteous mein,
Beneath her Walls seems in a loit'ring vein ;
As from the Bank the limpid Stream he drains,
To dress the Wave for London's fair domains.

Observe those little Boats, how light they seem ;
Some passing down and some against the Stream.
That Sailor, in the trowsers and the jacket,
However you may think he does not lack it,
Is no plain Tar,—but noble and of note ;
You see how dext'rously he trims his Boat.
Not PALINURUS' self could prove more skill
The Helm to guide, nor yet the Sail to fill.
The many Boats on this fine River swarming,
Present to me a prospect that is charming.

One in a Boat I see whose sail is lower'd,
And who has no one but himself on board,
Trys much at making speed ; and what is more,
He's only tugging at a single Oar.

'Tis here the Youth in sailing grow alert ;
In Naval Tactics they become expert :
Experience makes them fond of Navigation ;
And hence arise the Pillars of the Nation :
Their mere amusement 'tis which first attains
The Rudiments, and not a Master's pains.
May Isis' Sons in Naval Wars again,
Be future HOWES and NELSONS of the Main.

Cherwell might share in this applauding theme,
Who feeds the Meadows by his soft'ning Stream :
Sprung from the North, within the Frigid Zone,
Where mighty BOREAS mounts his icy throne,
He blends the Streams of Isis with his own. }
Since, then, the Isis and the Cherwell flow
In one increasing channel as they go ;
May Union's Bands be firm, our Laws decreed,
Betwixt the Natives of the Thames and Tweed.

You'd know my thoughts about each dress we pass,
Worn by the Cit, fat Matron, blooming Lass?

The London Fashions have the contest hollow ;
That has the pref'rence which both sexes follow.
But, whilst I think on't,—if you've no objection,—
We'll see the Physic Garden's rare collection.
The Gateway's by the Doric Order deck'd,
Which, at your entrance, has a grand effect :
INIGO JONES was the fam'd Architect.
The Garden's full extent five acres measures ;
A Wall surrounds its Vegetable Treasures :
There you have ev'ry foreign Shrub that's rare ;
And ev'ry foreign Plant is nurs'd with care.
Brought from hot climes to cold, across the main,
'Tis strange their Vegetative Pow'rs remain :
As ev'ry Plant is nurs'd in native mould,
They're cautious how that pref'rence they withhold.
Each in proportion takes of what he pleases,
The various Juices suited to Diseases.

When our Excursion first commenc'd together,
You've seen those parts before we now came hither.
'Tis not the compass of a Day will do
For all that's curious, taking Oxford through.

There are five Seminaries custom calls,
And known in general, by the name of Halls :
They're smaller Colleges, to all intents ;
Have Pupils, Laws, and learned Presidents.
The hour grows late ;—the Buildings far apart ;
Or else we'd visit them with all my heart.
But still we've light enough, if you'll come on,
To mount the gradual Hill of Heddington.
In Winter, Autumn, and the Spring, 'tis known,
To walk this fav'rite Hill is quite the ton.
When you have reach'd JOE PULLEN's fam'd old Tree,
The prospect feasts your eyes with luxury.
With Oxford Tow'rs, and Forests, distant Hills ;
With Rivers, Vales, and Meads, the prospect fills.

Here you see Blenheim's grand and stately Pile,
Built in th' imperial Roman CÆSAR's style :
One more magnificent you never view'd ;
A Monument of British Gratitude, }
To a distinguish'd Peer, whose Prowess stood }
High on Fame's list ; whose Progeny inherits }
The bright Reward of his illustrious merits ;

And still add radiance to his high descent,
By ev'ry affable accomplishment.

Nuneham's the seat EARL HARCOURT's Mansion gra-
A Peer whose Honors he from Grandsires traces ; [ces,
Whose virtues, conduct, loyalty's, been try'd,
And found approv'd ; a truth by none deny'd.

You here see Stowe, which is not far asunder ;
Its stately Mansion must excite your wonder :
Grand Front, rare Statues, Gardens, Paintings, Doors ;
Here you have all a curious eye explores.

But all this Grandeur vanishes in air,
If you should chance to see the Noble Pair ;
But that will princip'ly depend, you know,
Whether th' illustrious Couple are at Stowe.
We've some Great Men by many are admir'd,
Merely for Titles or Estates acquir'd.
Within the compass of this Noble Seat,
Here's nothing but themselves is truly great ;

There each endearing kindness entertain'd us ;
There noble guests familiar converse deign'd us.
What grateful recollection do we feel !
When the French clergy (wanting then a meal,) *Receiv'd* a gen'rous, hospitable proof
Of kind relief, beneath that Princely Roof :
There near a thousand Exiles, doom'd to roam
For their Religion's sake, obtain'd a home ;
There did the Noble Pair with care unbounded,
Give proper medicines to heal the wounded.

But let's return from hence ; don't let us stay ;
There's something we've to look at by the way ;
'Tis not of much account, nor do I mean
That it exceeds what you've already seen.
What though each Garden choice of Flowers yeilds,
We sometimes pluck a Flow'ret from the Fields.

In a small Garden, on the left of *you*,
Is a small building,—white,—the walls are new.
You see the Cross, fix'd in that lofty station,
Th' immortal Symbol of Mankind's Salvation.

The Roman Faith and Rites are there protest;
And there, by Devotees, in prayer address;
The God of Heaven to send his blessing down,
On George the King; Long to adorn the Crown.

The Chapel has a Painting much approv'd;
'Tis a dead Christ, just from the Cross remov'd:
Your Connoisseurs in painting never cease
Their best encomiums on this Master-piece.

Observe those bloody limbs, Christ's lifeless corse,
And say the spectacle gives no remorse:
Observe his livid corpse thro' copious drains;
His wounds exhausted from his bleeding veins;
His comely features strain'd, his eyes half-clos'd,
The agonies of Death had compos'd:
The blood, which from his temples trickl'd down;
Thro' the tight pressure of his Thorny Crown;
His lips turned black, Death's vestiges you trace,
Thro' every part of his distorted face!
His body chill'd and moist, as when he dy'd;
His mouth fill'd up with froth and open'd wide!

If any thus could view the Saviour dead
With cold indifference, and no tears had shed,
It must all powers of sympathy provoke,
To say you'd sooner bend the full-grown oak;
That a strong band of brass their hearts environ;
Or that their very hearts are form'd of iron.
But now this Piece has not its proper light,
And chiefly owing to the coming night.

Now let me hope, Sir, 'twill not be deny'd,
My best endeavours I have here apply'd,
To have your utmost wishes gratify'd.
Enough's a feast; — we've a long voyage past; —
The port of Latium we have made at last.

But should some friend inquisitively ask
Who has assum'd the every pleasing task
To show you Oxford, as your friend and guide?
Let this enquiry thus be satisfy'd: —
I am from France; — drove from my Native Land
I once had every comfort at command.

My stars, propitious, led to England's coast;
My Oxford visit, too, their influence boast:
Thro' custom, here, their aid have many lent,
To soothe the anguish of my banishment:
What wonder, then, to England I repay
My obligations in a grateful way?

But here's your lodging, — now 'tis time for bed,
And only this at present may be said;
Another interview I can't entreat;
The morning coach, for Town, sets off at eight:
This token of my friendship, then receive, —
The lines inclosed, — with which I take my leave.

A pleasing intercourse of friends We set our hearts upon,
Is scarce commenced, but quickly ends; The fleeting shadow's gone.

But does th' impression vanish? No;
When social joys from virtue flow,
That ever will remain:
We hope to meet again.

But Hope can hush the parting knell
And soothe the cruel word Farewell;
Which friends from absence feel
Or sympathy conceal.

But when this transient life is past,
Our happiness will be at last,
And disappointments o'er;
To meet and part no more

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